

True Trade

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POETRY.

To the Texianist.

BY THE AMERICAN CORNER, J. A. STEVENS, OF WASHINGTON.

Lift, lift the star-embellished banner high,
And let it flutter in the gale;
Bid stars' remotest hour reply,
While children tell the tale.
How Texas from the Tyrant's yoke
Her chain of damning bondage broke;
How Glory gave her brightest wreath,
When Crockett closed his eyes in death.

Star of the brave, whose sisters glow
In fair Columbia's flag of light,
Which Freedom in her virgin throes,
Gave forth to cheer a world of night—
We bid thee gleam unarm'd, high,
Beneath whose light the brave can die—
We bid thee shine while time shall last,
On ensign staff or giddy mast.

Fling wide the banner o'er the wave,
To gleam where the mortal foot hath trod;
Shine out, thy glory of the brave;
Thou last, thou dearest gift of God!
Shine out, as when on Eden's height
The mandate pealed—let there be light—
Shine out, while wandering millions gaze
To catch young Freedom's dazzling blaze.

Thou star that gleams 'mid morning light,
We welcome thee in youthful prime—
We bid thee gleam in splendor bright,
A new-born planet of our time.
Alone full beneath our fold,
While history traces thy fame in gold,
(Broad as the light which glory brings,)—
With pinions pluck'd from angels' wings.

Shine on! thou mad'at Saint Anna cower,
When Mexico's slaves in panic fled,
When Cos in Sature's falconer,
In terror bent his bleeding head.
We bid thee live, thou dazzling gem,
A scion of a noble stem,
Till heaven shall lose her starry host,
And shame becomes a nation's boast.

The following spirited lines are from the Last Offering, and were written by a Factory Girl.

My Country's Flag.

My Country's Flag! I love to gaze
Upon thee, bathed in Freedom's light!
I love the very breeze that plays
Among thy folds on yonder height.
Thy Stars and Stripes! I love them well,
For all the high-born knights they tell—
They o'er my spirit cast a spell,
That seems by angel impulses given:
It avails less of earth than heaven.

My Country's Flag! I love to think
Of thee, as of a heaven-born thing,
And with thy every thought, to link
A holier name than prince or king.
The Christian's God it was who made
The hand to rear thee, strength to save—
And made thy champions bold and brave,
To lift the Stars and Stripes on high,
And tell their freedom to the sky!

My Country's Flag! A sight of thee
Shall waken liveliest gratitude;
And many a youthful heart shall see,
That to be great is to be good.
That noble being all must love,
Who, rising in grandeur far above,
Meanwhile was gentle as a dove,
And wrap around his towering mind
The chords that bound him to mankind.

My Country's Flag! Wave on, wave on,
Till aristocracy shall cease,
And every eye shall greet the dawn
Of Liberty, the morn of peace!
Till every being on our soil
Shall eat the free reward of toil,
And every chain and serpent coil,
Before thy silken folds shall flee,
And God's own image stand forth free.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SARAH CURRAN.

She is far from the land where her young he
sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing,
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps
For her heart in his grave is lying.
She sings the wild song of her dear native place,
Every note which she loved awaking—
Ah! little did they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.
He had liv'd for his love, for his country he die,
They were at that time to life had entwined him,
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dry
Nor long will his love stay behind him.
Oh, make her a grave where the sunbeams rest
When they promise a glorious morrow,
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from
west,
From her own lov'd island of sorrow. [Mrs.]

The evening before Robert Emmet's death, Miss Curran was admitted into the dungeon to bid him her eternal farewell. He was leaning in a melancholy mood by the window of his prison, and the hilly clanking of his chains smote dismally on her heart. The interview was bitter, feeling, and melted even the callous soul of the jailer. As for Emmet himself, he wept and spoke little; but as he pressed him, loved in silence to his heart, his countenance betrayed his emotions. In a low voice, if choked by anguish, he besought her not to forget him; he reminded her of their former happiness, of the long past days of their childhood, and concluded by requesting her sometimes to visit the scenes where their infancy was spent, and that she would repeat his name with sorrow to his memory with affection. In parting, she turned round as if to gaze once more on her widowed love. He caught her as she retired; it was but for a moment, and as the door closed on him, it informed her too surely that they had met for the time on earth, but they should meet again.

After world, where man could not separate them. She loved him with the disinterested fervor of a woman's first and only love. When very worldly maxims arrayed themselves against him; when blasted in fortune and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If then his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her whose whole soul was occupied by his image? Let those who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from her paternal roof. But could the sympathy and offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are proverbially a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wear her from the tragical story of her lover; but it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scorch the soul—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness—and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried within her an inward world that mocked all the blandishments of friendship, and "heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely."

On the occasion of a masquerade at the Rotunda, her friends brought her to it. There can be no exhibition of far gone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and woe-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air that showed insensibility to the garish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching, it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness, that she drew a crowd, mute and silent around her, and melted every one into tears.

The story of one so true and tender could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrevocably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He however persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance that her heart was unutterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and an exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered upon her very soul. She wasted away in a slow but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

NEW ORLEANS.

The love which citizens of this place have for it, is mysterious in its strength, to transient visitors. People who come here for the first time, see a city totally different in its manners, customs and general observances, from any other in the Union. At first they are pleased with the strange, occult air which dwells over and around every thing, from the slave who cries "belles des fleurs" at sunrise, to the Catholic priest in his resplendent vestments, in the afternoon. The lower part of the city, with its multifarious, dirty streets—its dingy French and Spanish houses—the multiplicity of Parisian boulevards—the crowds of dandy elegants per rangers, and saboteur women—the Place d'Armes, surrounded as it is by saints and sinners; the former silent and sanctified in the old Cathedral, the others roistering and

ragged on the grass, the gravel paths or the tree-shaded benches—the meat and vegetable markets, filled with a multitude of English, French, Maltese, Persians, Chinese, and the descendants of the Khan, all meet his view as something beyond the common order, to which no American city finds parallel, and that is worth the trouble of a voyage to see.

The feeling next succeeding that of astonishment is, after a little acquaintance has made the visitor familiar with these social anomalies, a sensation of disgust. He wonders how people can consent to live in a place, the streets of which are five feet lower than high water-mark in the river—where there is not an inequality in the land for miles, as large as a goose egg, and to the rear of which, is a dense swamp, filled with bayous negroes marrons, and alligators "perfectly at home." If business, however, call him to stay, and particularly if yellow fever catch him, and "let him go again," he very soon finds that no other place is fraught with such a variety of enjoyment. He admits very soon that our winners are pleasant and warm—our air balmy—our society varied and not too intellectual—our habits regular—our principles fixed—our morality not outward show—our streets quiet and safe at night, and our police the best in the world—that in summer we have breezy, hot days, but not so warm as in New York, and nights so cool, that a blanket in July is no inconvenience before morning. Add to this, that our young men are the "best fellows going," and our "old ones," the most liberal and indulgent of all, and he has a clue immediately to the love which creoles and the adopted sons of New Orleans entertain towards it. Here are no "whippersnappers," driving modest men into the toils of the fanaticism—nor hunters up of scandal to damn the man in two words, who prefers a "gin snifter" to a glass of soda. Every thing is open and above board. Religion here, is not presumed to live in the nasal twang of the deacon who sounds "G" on a Connecticut "pitch-pipe," nor in making first a fortune by "mixing liquors," and then fooling a temperance society by spilling the dregs in public, to "serve God." Here, no man is beset in the evening, by loose, dissolute "street walkers"—no lady insulted by "soap locks"—no young females abducted like Miss Toole, nor murdered in open daylight like Miss Rogers. No obscene publications are hawked about the streets, as in New York—no libertine engravings pasted upon the corners of the public buildings. All is severely chaste to the eyes of the chaste, and nothing offends the delicate ear. If there be a "sepulchre" in New Orleans, it is kept carefully "whited." Any man who has a decent family can keep them so, without hindrance from any detestable example. We deem that the love we all have for this city is well founded.—Crescent City.

RULES FOR THE BEHAVIOR OF YOUNG PEOPLE.

Always wipe your mouth with the tablecloth, for that must be soiled at all events, and it will save your host's napkins, or your pocket handkerchief.

Never speak unless your mouth is full.

If you begin to relate an anecdote or a piece of news be sure to stop in the middle of every sentence and take a mouthful of food, which you must thoroughly masticate before you finish the sentence, because it affords your hearers an opportunity to scan well in their minds what you have previously uttered, and they can thus be well prepared for the concluding part, and will be enabled to digest the subject matter under discussion while you are digesting your food.

Champ, whatever you eat, making as much noise as possible; it will show you relish, and are pleased with what you are eating.

Always begin to speak before another has finished what he has got to say, as it will seem to show the quickness of your perception in being able to understand a thing before it is uttered, and give the company a great opinion of your good breeding.

Be sure on leaving a room to turn your back on the company, and if the door be open when you go out don't fail to leave it open.

If you see two gentlemen engaged in conversation in the street, by all means interrupt them by addressing a frivolous question to one of the parties, such as asking them what's the news or giving them the important information that it's a pleasant day or a warm day or a stormy day, as the case may be, lest they should not be aware of the fact.

When in company, should you be at a loss what to do with your hands and feet, as is often the case with young people, you can occasionally put one foot over the other, sit cross-legged, run your fingers through your hair, beat a tattoo on the table, bite your nails, yawn now and then, loll back and tilt your chair; out a notch or two in the arm of it with your penknife, (which should

be always in your hands ready for use) and you will convince the company that you have been well brought up, and are perfectly free from vulgar habits.

At a table, or coffee house, it is an admirable device, to make a general monopoly of all the newspapers in the room, holding two together, and placing your elbows on the remainder. Peeping over a person's shoulder while he is writing, or perusing letters or papers, shows a great knowledge of politeness, and ought particularly to be encouraged, if you wish to rise in the world.

The employment of fashionable and cant phrases gives grace to conversation—such as, that's your sort keep moving, what's to pay, I owe you one, them's um, that's the dandy, it's a caution to Crockett, &c.

If you wish to appear of consequence in society, boast of your wealthy birth—especially if your origin or pedigree is peculiarly infamous or obscure—education, &c., and magnify as much as possible, the amiableness of your wife—living or defunct—your own tender and loving kindness towards her, the sensibility and dutifulness of your baker's dozen of children, and, above and beyond all, the brilliant and wonderful achievements—in arms, arts, sciences, and philanthropy—of your ancestors—more especially, if those ancestors were all singularly guiltless of any such achievements.

Boston Transcript.

AN EXTENSIVE STORY.

A correspondent at East Baton Rouge, who has been mightily taken with a story in the New York Spirit of the Times, writes us as follows. We think the "Spirit" is fairly "floored."

"In looking over my last number of the Picayune, among other remarkable incidents and adventures, I noticed one signed 'S. H. C.' headed 'Tall Shooting,' relative to the tall shooting of his grandfather in New York. Now we will acknowledge that New York can surpass us in some things, but not in shooting. Among the first settlers of this part of our State, was a Mr. Yerberge, a great hunter, who lived near Galveston, on the river Amite; he was fond of relating his exploits, more particularly the following:

He took down his favorite rifle one morning, during the fall of 1785, and proceeded into the forest in search of game, upon which he chiefly subsisted; but after wandering about during three or four hours, without meeting any thing worth burning powder for, and being then near the river, he concluded to rest himself awhile under the shade of a tree on its bank. He had not long been seated, when, looking up the stream, he discovered on a large log floating slowly down, two pelicans, and almost at the same moment, and on the opposite side of the river, a fine buck made its appearance. The thought occurred that he might kill the pelicans and the buck at the same shot; accordingly he levelled and cocked his rifle, and as the pelicans floated in the range of the buck, he fired, and the pelicans and the buck fell, as a matter of course, for he never missed his aim. Being somewhat excited, he threw down his rifle and ran across the river, wishing to secure the buck first, which he did, by cutting his throat. Finding the ball had passed through the buck, and looking forward in the direction of the fall, he discovered a small stream of some liquid issuing from a bullet hole in a large tree, and after a nearer approach found it to be honey. Being still more excited by this discovery, in running towards the tree, he reached down for something to make a plug to stop the waste of honey, and catching a rabbit instead of a piece of wood, and being vexed at the mistake, he threw the rabbit with such force as to kill fifteen partridges that were in a flock near by. Proceeding to the tree, he climbed and plugged the hole; then climbing a little higher, so that he missed his hold and fell to the bottom, on the inside, where, to his utter astonishment, he found a huge bear writhing in his blood, pierced through while eating a delicious dinner, by the same ball that killed the buck and the pelicans. Now, thought Mr. Yerberge, how shall I get out? But the tree being old, he soon cut and broke through, and hauled out his bear and laid him by the side of his buck; and gathering up his rabbit and partridges, laid them on the same pile. And now having become a little more collected, he could not account for the manner in which he had crossed the river—for the Amite at that place was even navigable for small vessels. Upon examination, however, he found that he had crossed upon the vine of a pumpkin, and recrossing on the same bridge and walking some fifty rods further, he found a pumpkin growing, or grown, upon the vine, and in the inside found a sow and two pigs, that had strayed away some two months before.

Mr. Yerberge always boasts of this as the best day's hunt he ever made. A Subscriber of East Baton Rouge."

THE AMERIC REGRONS.—The following account of a thrilling adventure in the Arctic seas, is from a Magazine published some time since:

"In the spring of the year, 1824, a whaling vessel sailed from the port of London upon a voyage to the Polar seas. Nothing material is said to have occurred until the arrival in those solitary regions, when it becomes the duty of the crew to keep a perpetual look out upon the horizon in search of fish: while thus occupied, it was fancied by one of the seamen that a sail was discernible as far to the northward as the eye could reach. And as the course of the whales was towards the supposed vessel, a mast became gradually distinguishable amid the mountains of ice which appeared in that quarter to bound the sea. It was now summer, and the afternoon unusually calm, whilst the whaler gradually neared the object in view; the supposition being that it was a vessel engaged in operating upon the blubber in a bay, which would open to view upon approaching nearer to the ice. Upon arriving, however, upon the spot, it became clear that the vessel was a wreck, embedded in the ice, and could only be approached by a boat. This having been lowered, the captain and several seamen landed upon the ice, and approached to the vessel, which proved to be a brig.

The sails were furled, very little appeared upon the deck, and all the arrangements were those of a vessel laid up for a long period of time. Descending into the cabin, the first object which was seen was a large Newfoundland dog, coiled upon a mat, and apparently asleep. Upon touching the animal it was found to be dead, and the body frozen to the hardness of a stone. Entering the cabin was next seen a young lady seated at a table, her eyes open, and gazing with mild and steadfast expression upon the new comers to that solitary spot.

She was a corpse, and in that apparent resigned and religious attitude, had been frozen to death. Beside her was a young man, who, it appeared, was the brother of the young lady, and commander of the brig. He too was dead, but sitting at the table, and before him lay a sheet of paper, upon which was written the following words:—"Our cook has endeavored since yesterday morning to strike a light, but in vain; all is over." At the other side of the cabin stood the cook with a flint and steel in his hand, frozen to a statue; in the vain endeavor to procure that fire which alone could save himself and his companions from the cold arms of death.

The superstitious terrors of the seamen now hurried the captain away from the wreck, the log book alone being brought away, and from this it appeared that the ill-fated vessel was a brig, which had belonged to the port of London, and had sailed for the Arctic regions more than fourteen years before!

THE DROP OF WATER, THE BROOK, THE RIVER, AND THE OCEAN.—A drop of water, that sparkled like a jewel in the sun, once fell from the clouds into a little mountain stream, and ere it lost its identity, exclaimed, in all the anguish of desolation, "Alas! what a catastrophe—I am swallowed up in immensity." The little stream laughed as it leaped down the mountain side, at the lamentation of such an insignificant thing as a drop of water, and, vain of its consequences, continued brawling its crystal way, with all the pride of conscious superiority, until at length, with a sudden plunge, it fell headlong into a mighty river, and like the drop of water, was lost in a moment, crying out in its last agonies, "Oh fate! who would have thought a brook of my size could be swallowed so easily!" The river murmured its contempt for the little foolish stream, and continued its course, gathering strength and pride, breaking through mountains, tearing the rocks from their seats, and coursing in a thousand meanders through flowery meadows, until it found its way to the vast and melancholy ocean, in whose boundless waste it lost its being, like the poor drop of water and the little mountain stream. "Is it possible (exclaimed the mighty river) that I have been thus collecting tribute from half the world, only to become nothing at last?"

"Is thus with thee, man! Thou beginnest in insignificance, like the drop of water; thou becomest a laughing, leaping, brawling thing, like the brook; thou waxest proud and great, like the mighty river; and art thou canst say, in the vanity of thy heart, 'what an illustrious mortal I am,' thou art lost in eternity."

A genius out west has discovered a method of manufacturing from one dandy, a monkey, an ape, and three baboons, so as to have enough left for a small yellow dog.

A woman's heart is like a fiddle, it requires a bean to play upon it.

"See through it," said the old lady, said when the bottom of her wash tub fell out.